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THE WEATHER.
The official forecast for to-day indicates fair weather, preceded by showers; cooler, northerly wind.

Up to the present time Mr. Quay's Southern campaign has been confined to the tarpon off the Florida coast.

Along in the idea of November Mr. Hanna will be startled by the manner in which his "object lessons" come home to roost.

It is safe to infer from the manner in which he is talking about it that it will not be necessary to notify Tom Watson of his nomination.

With a combination of Republicans, Populists and gold Democrats down in Texas, it will be seen that the fight for "principles," and against mere "spoils," goes merrily forward.

Now that Cousin Ben Folsom has declared for Bryan and free silver, it is hoped that no one will go so far as to suggest that the "lunacy" has entered the Presidential family.

In addition to absenting themselves from Democratic meetings this year, the Cleveland office-holders are pursuing a vigorous policy of staying away from their official posts.

In order to show how thoroughly they have worsted their opponents on the financial question, the leading Republican journals are now turning their heavy batteries on "free trade."

After listening to his own speeches against the income tax, Hon. Bourke Cockran voted for the bill. It is barely possible that Mr. Cockran will convince himself that he is wrong in the present instance.

Colonel Watterston's remarks on "fools and frauds" recalls the fact that this same gentleman made a sensational prediction in 1892, in which slaughter houses and open graves figured conspicuously.

During Port has discovered that Mr. Bryan has lost votes by every speech he has made. The Evening Post possesses wonderful ability for discovering things that are not so. For instance, it suddenly discovered that McKinley was sold on the financial question, and withdrew all its anti-McKinley pamphlets. It is barely possible that the Evening Post is mistaken again.

With some regret the Journal is compelled to announce to its myriad readers that it cannot undertake to publish, or even examine, unsolicited contributions on the money question. Since this paper assumed the position of Democracy's leading champion in the East, it has been overwhelmed with communications discussing the currency issue. Nearly as many urged the gold theory as preached free silver—a fact which showed the recognition by the people of the Journal's perfect fairness in giving adequate space to each side in its "Battle of the Standards." The volume of this correspondence, however, has become so great that to publish one-tenth of it would be impossible, and to critically examine each letter and article is out of the question. Hereafter such letters as contain stamps will be speedily returned to their writers. All others will be immediately destroyed.

PEACE WITH HONOR.
At last the threatening Venezuelan dispute seems to be in a fair way of settlement. The mythical "40,000 British subjects" settled west of the Essequibo have been the principal obstacle to an amicable agreement. The English people and their Government have had a natural and creditable reluctance to abandon these enterprising compatriots who were subduing the wilderness under the shadow of the British flag. But when they discovered that the 49,000 British subjects for whom they were asked to fight were a few thousand nomadic negroes, Chinamen and Indians, who worked in the mines and clearings for part of each year for the benefit of a handful of absentee speculators, this sense of racial loyalty cooled.

The British Government now seems willing to accept an international commission empowered to draw a boundary line, and one that is not necessarily to confirm England in the possession of what have been called "settled districts." The American proposition was either that the commission should have no instructions about the settled districts, or that it found the territory of one party in occupation of the subjects or citizens of the other, such weight and effect should be given to such occupation "as reason, justice, the rules of international law and the equities of the particular case may seem to require."

This is an eminently sensible basis for arbitration, and if it meet the approval of Lord Salisbury's Government, as Mr. Balfour intimates that it does, the critical stage of the dispute may be said to be over. It looks as if the settlement of the Venezuelan controversy would be the one unquestioned success of President Cleveland's second Administration. It is the only case in which he has cut loose from the malign influence of his little knot of kitchen favorites and ranged himself in harmony with the feelings of the American people, and the only one in which he has not been betrayed by unpatriotic advice into disaster and humiliation. There is such a thing as the Monroe Doctrine, after all.

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THE MEXICAN DOLLAR.

The impertinence of those employers of labor who are striving to discredit the movement in favor of the free coinage of silver by paying off their men in Mexican dollars is only equalled by the shallowness of their argument. With silver demonetized in the United States, with the silver dollar as now coined, standing not as a dollar at all, but as a promise to pay a dollar—a mere certificate of indebtedness, in which there is no more need to put a dollar's worth of silver than it is necessary to put a dollar's worth of paper in a greenback—in such a situation it is inevitable that the silver coins of foreign countries should have here no more than their bullion value.

The Mexican dollar is coined for use in Mexico, and has shown itself a thoroughly serviceable instrument for the purposes for which it is designed. In Mexico it buys just as much wheat, just as much produce, just as much labor as it did thirty years ago. And what is more important, the Mexican farmer can buy his dollar with just the same quantity of wheat or produce, the laborer gives only the same number of hours' work for it as thirty years ago. Mexico has kept the purchasing value of her currency stable by free coinage. Her people enjoy a truly "honest dollar," because its measuring capacity, when applied to labor or its products, does not vary.

But, people will say, in Mexico wages are low, the standard of living is not high, the nation is not great and powerful and wealthy like the United States. All true, but more than one factor enters into this situation. It is not the use of silver which makes Mexican wages less than those in the United States, for wages in Germany, France and Italy, gold standard countries all, also are lower. The character of the workingman, the efficiency of his labor, his personal ambition, all are factors in fixing the rate of wages. Mexican labor is not energetic. Mexican holidays are many, and hours of work brief. Yet there is among the working classes of our southwestern neighbor a general diffusion of comfort and independence scarcely excelled in the United States. The peon labor, of which returning travellers tell tales to show Mexico's degradation, is not free labor, and the wages paid to peons are not a legitimate part of the discussion.

With the use of silver as money, Mexico has progressed marvellously since swift justice was meted out to Maximilian for his effort to destroy her liberties. A great war debt has been funded and reduced. Public works have been undertaken. Domestic and foreign commerce have wonderfully expanded. The silver dollar which the "gold bug" employers ridicule has paid for all, and with its aid Mexico, despite the obstacles of a tropical climate and an enervated people, has prospered and grown strong.

A SURE THING IN CRITICISM.

If any misguided silverite should imagine himself invulnerable to criticism he may as well abandon that delusion. The Evening Post has discovered a way of catching the miscreants under any conceivable circumstances. When they are of merely ordinary attainments it ridicules their "ignorance." When their attainments are extraordinary it intimates that they are crazy. President Andrews, of Brown University, cannot be accused of ignorance without subjecting the critic to contumely, and so the Post playfully remarks that his course "in favoring the free coinage of silver by the United States, without the 'consent' of any other nation, is so singular as to make it charitable to believe that his much learning on this subject has affected his mental balance."

There you have it. If you do not know everything there is to know about the money question you are too ignorant to discuss it. If you do, your much learning has made you mad. You are caught going or coming, and you may as well admit at the start that you are not fit to discuss finance unless you have imbibed your ideas from "Coin's Financial Fool."

THE MANAGER AND THE MANAGED.

The mission of the manager is now so important a one that without this functionary any public man is about on a level with a ship without a rudder or a kite without a caudal appendage. As a rule the public man, no matter in what walk he is found, is noted more for the force or prowess that has won him recognition than for that subtle quality of diplomacy that

is the life preserver warranted to enable him to withstand the rude buffetings of the sea of fame.

The pugilist owes his success in the ring to the efforts of his manager to keep him out of it, and to prevent his too frequent indulgence in the twin diversions of the jaw and pen, because his little hands were never made for epistolary exercise, and his jaw was made to protect him against the fists of his opponent, even as his long neck was given him to enable him to duck under the parabolic turnip which some hypercritical auditor projects at him from the top gallery of the theatre. After a while the servant girl will have her manager, who will see that the golden privileges of the afternoon off and the use of her mistress's bonnets and gowns are included in the contract. And it will be to the servant girl's pecuniary profit to enlist the services of a manager, even if she has to divide equally with him her earnings, as does the pugilist with his keeper. It will be observed that the Napoleon of Canton has a manager in that uncanny and uncouth orchid in human form, euphemistically known by the general title of Mark Hanna, who will probably succeed in keeping him out of trouble and the White House at the same time, and defeat his own object in plugging his protégé's jaws like those of a lobster in the public mart. So carefully is he managed that he is really more managed against than managing, and is not allowed to speak even when spoken to. The Canton Napoleon will probably not be allowed by his trainer, who is now breaking him like a hunting dog for the Fall campaign, to make a public address until the county fairs open, when he can dodge the issues of the campaign and delight and educate the neck-whiskered contingent upon the apotheosis of the Russian turnip (but not the Russian campaign) and the fusing of the sea cow and the Bermuda onion into the grand concrete symphony of corned beef hash.

These Horatian remarks will float on the crisp air of Autumn from one end of the country to the other, and have such an effect upon the voting public that on the day after election the Adonis with the pink plush face will either have to look out for a new champion to manage or seek the services of some one to manage his own Imperial corporosity.

SENATOR SHERMAN'S SPEECH.
Senator Sherman's speech on the issues of the campaign—which, by the way, he read from MS.—is what might be expected of a "financier" who, in his long public life, has occupied pretty nearly every conceivable position on the money question. It abounds in such unsupported assertions as that the depreciation of silver bullion was due to increased production—the fact being that the check to production did not in the slightest degree arrest the fall in the price of silver. It is full of appeals to the "honor" of the people to see that the United States meets its obligations in full, and by obligations Senator Sherman means the payment in gold only—which must be bought at heavy cost from those who have cornered it—of bonds which are made payable in coin, and which Congress by formal vote has declared payable in silver, if such be the desire of the Secretary of the Treasury.

Like all of his faction, Senator Sherman is more adept at attacking the free coinage theory than in offering any remedy for the existing ills of the currency system, which have plunged the National Government into debt and have brought upon the country a period of industrial stagnation and commercial distress of unprecedented duration. "Let us maintain silver and gold at par with each other at the legal ratio of 16 to 1 until a conference among nations can prescribe common standards of value," is his only suggestion of a programme. Nobody better than Senator Sherman knows the hopelessness of waiting for an international agreement in which England must play the leading part, and by which England alone would be the loser. John Bull is not making sacrifices for civilization's sake. And the Senator knows, too, that we are not keeping silver and gold at par under the present system. The silver dollar is a mere governmental note of hand—a promise to pay a gold dollar. Under the existing practice it might as well be stamped on aluminum or printed on paper. There is no suggestion of that bimetalism which is enshrined in the Republican platform in the present practice. It is gold monometallism pure and simple, and gold monometallism is the system which Sherman, Mark Hanna and the rest of the prophets of plutocracy hope to fasten indefinitely upon the nation.

Up to the present time Mr. Hanna's campaign tactics have consisted in throwing men out of work and passing the hat. And this is being done under the guise of educating the voters.

The Indianapolis conference and the prospect of a liberal collection of campaign funds have attracted the attention of several thrifty statesmen, who would very much like to participate in the work of preserving the nation's credit at a reasonable rate per preserve.

A Week's Politics.

By S. E. Moffett.
I have noticed with much interest the fervid assaults of the Rev. Dr. MacArthur and other clerical defenders of law, property and the established order of society upon the subversive doctrines of the Chicago platform. But there is another platform, still more revolutionary, which they seem to have overlooked. This oversight is natural, for the zealots who profess its incendiary sentiments are far removed from the respectable circles ornamented by the political clergy. It may be worth while, however, to quote a part of it, to show that dangerous economic and social delusions are not confined to the organization that nominated Mr. Bryan. It runs like this:

"We hold that if any man would be perfect, he must sell all he has and give to the poor, and it is our unalterable conviction that it is easier for a camel to go through the eye of a needle than for a rich man to enter into the kingdom of God."

"We condemn the practice of laying up treasures on earth, and hold that a good citizen should take no thought for the morrow, but let the morrow take thought for the things of itself."

"We desire that our debts may be forgiven and we pledge ourselves reciprocally to forgive our debtors."

"We maintain that it is the duty of every man to give to him that asketh, and that he should not turn away from him that would borrow."

"We denounce the conduct of the scribes and Pharisees, hypocrites, who devour widows' houses, and for a pretence make long prayer, and we predict that for these proceedings they will receive the greater damnation."

"We believe that it is the duty of any citizen whose cloak has been taken away to tender his coat in addition, and when any man has been forcibly deprived of his goods, he should refrain from asking them again."

"We call the attention of capitalists to the fact that it is their duty to lend, hoping for nothing again."

"We arraign the legal profession on the ground that lawyers have men with burdens grievous to be borne, while they themselves touch not the burdens with one of their fingers."

"We proclaim the urgent need of a reform in the judiciary, as evidenced by the well known case of a judge which feared not God, neither regarded man."

"We view with alarm the love of money, which we regard as the root of all evil."

"We consider it advisable for rich men to go to, as well as to weep and howl for their miseries that shall come upon them. Their riches are corrupted and their garments are moth-eaten, and the rust of them shall be a witness against them, and shall eat their flesh as it were with fire. They have heaped treasure together for the last days."

"The Sublimated Larynx."
[New York Sun.]
Owing to the strong land breeze, the tide ran out a trifle stronger than usual, perhaps. It didn't, it was no fault of the Boy Orators. Some one reported as we went to press that Diana-on-the-Tower was suffering from dizziness, owing to the terrible spin the bag of winds turned loose in the hall below had given her. This report is probably correct, for the sublimated larynx certainly got there with both feet. Some fastidious persons present objected to the force of the breeze that Oratorical Bill stirred up in the Garden; but, pah! You can't have such eloquence as Bill's without wind. Which reminds us that the blowing out of the open windows of the convention hall looks necessarily deprives our readers of the melancholy pleasure of reading Bill's speech—those who listened being so dazed by its eloquence that they couldn't remember a word of it. Bravo, Bill! If you only possessed the power of focussing that marvellous aeolian note of yours, it might possibly blow you into the White House.

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SWELTERING FATHER KNICKERBOCKER IN A SOUTHWESTER.



N.B.—The Tribune was enlightened too late to suppress anything.

We had been charitable enough to hope that he did not deserve the criticisms that preceded him. We believe in encouraging young men. We were willing to give Mr. Bryan a chance to redeem himself, and we, therefore, went to Madison Square Garden last night, with the fixed purpose of immortalizing in these columns any accidental gleams of logical reasoning which might miraculously emanate from so unlikely a source. With this laudable determination we sat through a measureless torrent of words, false metaphors and glittering generalities, hoping even against hope for a fact or a figure that would linger in the memory. But Mr. Bryan was not equal to the emergency. He missed his great opportunity.

"We Told You So."
[New York Times.]

More important tasks at hand than that of listening to a succession of wearisome platitudes, we were not present personally. Spread-eagle eloquence, mellifluous sophistries, and ear-splitting metaphors may be all right in Nebraska, but they don't go in this community. Now, if the Boy Orator had gone to the encyclopedia and

days. The hire of the laborers who have reaped down their fields, which is of them kept back by fraud, craft, and the cries of them which have reaped are entered into the ears of the Lord of Sabaoth."

I owe an apology to Mr. Hanna's clergy for quoting this painful farago of economic heresy, disregard for the rights of property and disrespect for the judiciary. It is evident that the framers of this platform never had the advantage of sitting under the shadow of a modern Christian pulpit. It is equally evident that the pulpit, at least of the Hanna brand, has never been infected by these anarchical teachings. The authors of them had considerable credit in religious circles some years ago, but it would be interesting to see their confusion if they should encounter the Rev. Dr. MacArthur.

After the Bryan meeting the other night there is no longer any question as to worry about coast defenses. The garrison of policemen that defended Madison Square Garden against the assaults of a desperate populace could be depended upon to repulse any foreign foe. If we wished to put the discomfiture of the enemy beyond any possible doubt, we could provide every invader with an admission ticket entitling him to reserved quarters in the city.

His Mixed Up Conscience.
"Which way are you going to vote, for gold or silver?" asked an ingenious man of a perfect stranger, the other day, on a ferryboat.

"I don't know," replied the stranger, with great deliberation. "I really don't know."

"On account of the mixed up state of affairs?" asked the other man, who was intent upon learning the truth.

"No, on account of my conscience—you see my conscience is all mixed up."

"How is it that your conscience comes to be mixed up?" asked the other man, bound to follow up his lead.

"Because during the day time I am a painter."

"Is your conscience mixed up so that you don't know how to vote just because you paint during the day? Why don't you paint at night and mix it?"

"Because at night I am a musician, and I don't want to mix my mind just how I should vote. I want to be consistent, and do the right thing by my country and myself, and never feel that I have not acted like a patriot, but I don't see how I am going to do it."

"On account of these professions of painting and music?" asked the other, fairly bristling with impatient curiosity.

"Exactly," replied the stranger. "You see, in the day time I paint the portraits of McKinley and Bryan against time for the banners that hang across the streets, and I play on the bass drum, sometimes for the McKinley procession and sometimes for the Bryan. And that is what mixes my conscience up so that I sometimes think my only way out of the difficulty will be to vote the Prohibition ticket."

A Clean Record.
[Detroit Tribune.]
The effort to precipitate a scuffle between Mr. Bryan and his past is thus far without avail.

Let Them Toss for It.
[Philadelphia Press.]
"Tommy" Watson and Sewall should settle it by tossing up a penny.

THOSE FAMOUS SUPPRESSED EDITORIALS.

The editorials of which the following are excerpts, are alleged to have been written prematurely under the impression that Mr. Bryan was not a reasonable being. Their suppression was a matter of necessity when the writers discovered their mistake.

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Tammany Tim Locates His Friend Grover.

Buzzard's Bay by d' Sea, Aug. 10.—I couldn't stand for it no longer, so I skates over to note how Grover is doing."

"Can you give a sucker d' steer for Gray Gables?" I says to a naff who seems to be tounin' d' game for strangers.

"D' naff gives me d' tip, an' away I points to Grover's joint. It's d' folsome time I goes against Grover in private, an' I'm a little leary as to how much of a hit it makes."

"It aint a minute after I'm inside d' gates before I collides wid a fly cop. I tumbles to d' guy an' his graft d' second I gets me lumps on to him. But hein' a detectif, of course he don't tumble to me. A fly cop is easy money that way. Change your socks an' he'll never know you twicht."

"What d' youse claim for your game?" says d' fly cop, tryin' to corgate his brows an' saw a scare off on to me. But I'm on to his front; such bluffs is aged, an' don't go wid Tammany Tim."

"Me name's Tammany Tim," I says. "I'm an old pal of Grover's. So turn him out. I wants to converse wid him on politics."

"Aint youse a dynamiter?" says the fly cop.

"Not on your life," I remarks. "You can search me."

"Youse 'll do," he says.

"That's the stuff," I retorts, an' chases by to d' Gray Gables crib.

There's thirty fly cops, I learns, whose graft it is to give assassins d' merry chase when they comes pirootin' about Grover. So far no assassins has showed up. But never mind; there's a reception committee all lined out to give 'em d' play of their lives when they does blow in.

I locates Grover on d' back stoop; Thurber is fannin' him. Thurber looks sick.

"How's she stackin' up?" I inquires. "Is it a case of velvet, or be youse in d' hole?"

"Tim," says Grover, "I'm out of politics. Don't ask me nothin'." After waitin' a bit, he says: "What's Hill doin' Layin' dead, I s'pose?"

"Hill aint battin' an eye nor waggin' an ear since d' convention," I replies; "but he gives me d' quiet hunch on d' side he's goin' to be in for Bryan."

"Hill's too dead cunnin'," says Grover, at the same time sendin' Thurber for d' canteen. "Hill overplays. Now he's comin' out for Bryan, an' he's goin' to cut loose for silver; but he'll stand off till d' last purp's beefed to force up his price."

"What price is Dave out for?" I asks.

"Oh, he wants to give d' show when Bryan is in, see?" goes on Grover. "Dave don't want dough; that aint it. But he's out for a Cab'n't place; an' he's half nutty to boss d' campaign, an' he'llinks d' way to ketch on to to hang off like he's half a dozen minds to thru'n d' whole game. It's Dave's system."

"Who's goin' to claw off a winner in all this?" I asks. I wants to ring him off on Hill.

"Bryan," he replies; "It's dough to diphtheria d' mug from d' Plate is goin' to be me successor. Silver has got d' people, an' youse can't stop 'em. I'll be Bryan."

"How bees you goin' to stand on it?" I asks.

"That's where I'm dead crafty," says Grover, an' for an instant he brightens. "That's where me scheme is fine as silk. Tim, I aint goin' in on the deal at all; I passes it up. I want talk, an' I want vote for neither of d' dubs involved. That leaves me inside d' party breastworks, see? In 1900 they'll come chasin' to me like I'm another Cincinnati, an' want to run me for Pres'dent agin. I'm d' man of destiny."

"I see," I says. "You're goin' to play your hand close to your three-sheet, an' lay low for 1900."

"I am," replies Grover. "I'm goin' to skin me cards dead careful, an' every time it's me deal I'll work a bug on 'em besides. You can put me down for 1900, an' no failure. I'll be a cold day four years from now if I gets left."

"But if you aint goin' to quit d' party," I says, "how about Eckels an' d' Carlisle kids, an' all d' rest of them cuckoo hold-ups? They's either declarin' for McKinley, or fomentin' a gold break at Indianapolis—every sucker of 'em?"

"They takes d' wink from me, Tim," says Grover. "It cuts no ice which gets in—McKinley or Bryan—an' it's Bryan as it lays, anyhow. Be sendin' them stiff off to bolt Bryan makes dead sure none of 'em'll be standin' in for a nomination in 1900, see? It's a thru-down for 'em, an' makes it a snap for me—a sort of walkover when d' time arrives."

Then Grover asks me where Hoke Smith is, an' what's he doin'.

"He's romancin' 'round in North Carolina d' last line I gets on him," I tells him.

"He tosses me in his resignation d' other day," says Grover, an' I can see he's hot for that, too. He says, as an excuse, that he goes hunk's wid Crisp when they's joint debatin', that he'd be for silver if d' Georgy primaries goes agin gold. I'm aggerin' he wanted to make that promise. It was his way of surrenderin'.

"Hoke was ridin' for a fall. But I'll fix him. I'll donate him a jolt before d' snow blows that'll break a few of his slats."

"Then he asks me what d' gang is sayin' to silver in gen'ral, an' when I lays it off to him that d' entire push is for silver, he can't believe it."

"That's right," I declares. "Solid silver, every one of 'em; not an or